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LETTER FROM "COL. JEEMS PIPES OF PIPESVILLE."

ST. DENIS HOTEL, June 4, 1866.

My Dear Art Journal:

I've been "very ill" for a long time past, ever since the 1st of May—"Moving Day," when I couldn't get anything to eat at Harlem; and I'm going to tell you about my peregrinations in that classic locality, upon that never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

I had been to visit a lovely, black-eyed damsel who was stopping at a palatial mansion in 125th street, and thinking upon my return I might possibly find the gorgeous organist of Grace Church sitting under his own vine and fig-tree, repaired to his abode, when, to my intense disgust, I found everything topsy-turvey. And, though most kindly welcomed by the stalwart and genial Tom K., I saw that I had nothing to do but to "move on," which I accordingly did, in company with the aforesaid Tom K. And (by this time being pretty hungry) tried to find out a place in which to get something to eat.

Everybody was moving. We went into a German cellar—I said I was hungry—asked what he had to eat?

"Yaw! Meinheer! Me bisy moving dis Fust May!"

Everybody was moving—I went into several more cellars and they would not sell-us anything—told us to "move on" wherever we went, said nobody eat on the 1st of May. At last I went into a baker's shop, bought a ten-cent loaf, crossed over to a grocery, bought $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of dried salmon and 6 Dutch anchovys, and 4 glasses of lager, and paid a Dutchman 25 cents for the privilege of sitting down in his tap room to demolish this 1st of May repast.

Being invited, Mr. Editor, by a distinguished friend of yours to a pleasant gathering in the evening, you can imagine what superb condition I was in when I entered his hospitable abode. The dried salmon and anchovys were playing merry vengeance with the interior of my feeble frame. The gay and festive author of that beautiful Welsh barcarole, "Tis but a little faded flower," mildly suggested a "leetel Bourbon"—immediately responded to by the jolly host, into that cozy cupboard we moved on—and as if by common consent,

"Everybody was moving"

that way. It was the first of May. Nobody, that day, had any dinner in his own house. Even "Dempster," who wrote Mr. Tennyson's "May Queen," couldn't get anything to eat on that day, so he went to England last Saturday with Artemus Ward, Mr. House, and Miss Lucia Deane.

"Everybody seems moving,"

And this reminds me of the funeral services at Grace Church, the other day, over the remains of the great and good Dr. H. G. Cox. Oh! what a splendid record has he left behind him! Kind-hearted, self-sacrificing, generous! He has gone to a holier place! The music was particularly beautiful. The charming voices of Miss Maria Brainard and Miss Louise Meyers, assisted by Rehberg, the tenor, and the superb tones of Sher. Campbell, (who will make a sensation in London next year,) accompanied on the organ by my excellent friend, Dr. Clare W. Beames, reminding me of "other days," when he conducted the music for Dr. Pise, at St. Peter's, in Barclay Street! Well—well!

"Everybody seems moving!"

But I hope Henry Draper's Opera Company won't "move" yet from 14th Street—and doesn't Zelda Harrison look bewitchingly pretty in that opera, Dr. Something-or-other? And is there any truth in the report that she—well, never mind—

"Everybody seems moving."

Yours trooly,

JEEMS PIPES, of Pipesville.

THE ORCHESTRA.

I.—THE VIOLIN.

The versatile, discursive violin,
Light, tender, brilliant, passionate, or calm,
Sliding with careless nonchalance within
His range of ready utterance, wins the palm
Of victory o'er his fellows for his grace;
Fine, fluent speaker, polished gentleman.
Well may he be the leader of the race
Of blending instruments fighting in the van
With conscious ease and fine chivalric speed;
A very Bayard in the field of sound,
Rallying his struggling followers in their need,
And spurring them to keep their hard-earned
ground.
So the fifth Henry fought at Azincour,
And led his followers to the breach once more.

II.—THE VIOLONCELLO.

Larger and more matured, deeper in thought,
Slower in speech and of a graver tone,
His ardor softened, as if years had wrought
Wise moods upon him, living all alone,
A calm and philosophic eremite—
Yet at some feeling of remembered things,
Or passion smothered, but not purged quite,
Hark! what a depth of sorrow in those strings!
See, what a storm growls in his angry breast!
Yet list again; his voice no longer moans;
The storm hath spent its rage and is at rest.
Strong, self-possessed, the violoncello's tones;
But yet too soft, like Hamlet, seem to me
A high soul struggling with its destiny.

III.—THE OBOE.

Now come with me, beside this sedgy brook.
Far in the fields, away from crowded street;
Into the flowing water let us look.
While o'er our heads the whispering elm-trees
meet.
There will we listen to a simple tale
Of fireside pleasures and of shepherds' loves;
A reedy voice sweet as the nightingale
Shall sing of Corydon and Amaryliss;
The grasshopper shall chirp, the bee shall hum,
The stream shall murmur to the water-lilies,
And all the sounds of summer noon shall come,
And mingling in the oboe's pastoral tone,
Make them forget that man did ever sigh and
moan.

IV.—THE TRUMPETS AND TROMBONES.

A band of martial riders next I hear,
Whose sharp brass voices cut and rend the air.
The shepherd's tale is mute, and now the ear
Is filled with a wilder clang than it can bear;
Whose arrowy trumpet notes so short and bright,
The long drawn wailing of that loud trombone,
Tell of the bloody and tumultuous fight,
The march of victory and the dying groan.
O'er the green fields the serried squadrons pour,
Killing and burning like the bolts of heaven;
The sweetest flowers with cannon-smoke and gore
Are all profaned, and Innocence is driven

Forth from her cottages and wooded streams,
While over all red battle fiercely gleams.

V.—THE HORNS.

But who are these far in the leafy wood,
Murmuring such mellow, hesitating notes,
It seems the very breath of solitude,
Loading with dewy balm each breeze that floats?
They are a pleasant group, I know them well,
The diffident, conscious horns, whose muffled
speech
But half expresses what their souls would tell,
Aiming at strains their strength can never reach;
An untaught rustic band; and yet how sweet
And soothing comes their music o'er the soul!
Dear poets of the forest, who would meet
Your melodies save where wild waters roll,
Reminding us of him who by his plough
Walked with a laurel wreath upon his brow!

C. P. CRANCH.

NEW BOOKS.

SHAKESPEARE'S DELINEATIONS OF INSANITY, IMBECILITY, AND SUICIDE. By A. O. KELLOGG, M. D., Asst. Physician State Lunatic Asylum, Utica, N. Y., Hurd & Houghton, N. Y.

These Essays were first published in the American Journal of Insanity, at various periods between 1859 and 1864; they are now presented in a collected form, with important alterations in the conclusions, suggested under circumstances which render them of great value. The author says, "A better acquaintance with the delicate shades of mental disease, as seen in the wards of a large hospital for the insane, has tended to modify the earlier views of the writer respecting some of Shakspeare's insane characters, and enables him better to appreciate the fidelity of the great dramatist's delineations. No other excuse, therefore, is deemed necessary for the alterations that have been made in the original Essays."

This book is a valuable addition to the yearly increasing volume of the Shakspeare literature, for it vindicates the truthfulness of the immortal bard, in his delineations of the varied developments of the saddest and most mysterious affliction to which flesh is heir. It is a homage from science, fortified by close observation and daily experience, to that genius which seemed to grasp intuitively an almost occult knowledge, two centuries in advance of his time.

Dr. Kellogg has considered in this book, the several phases of mental idiosyncrasy, dividing them in the following manner, and presenting and corroborating Shakspeare's views by the light of his own large practical experience and extended observation:—Part I. Insane. Lear, Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Hamlet, Ophelia, Jacques, and Cordelia. Part II. Imbeciles. Bottom, Dogberry, Elbow, Shallow, Malvolio, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Launce, and Calibran. Part III. Suicides. Othello.

The author has thoroughly studied each character, searching out internal evidence, collating point with point, and examining into probabilities and possible springs of action, with a view to prove the miraculous consistency of Shakspeare in depicting all the broad and all the fine lights and shadows, in each character drawn by his master hand. The success which has attended the philosophical and scientific labors of Dr. Kellogg, can only be thoroughly appreciated by a close study of his most interesting and instructive Essays.